

Notes of Horses Trotter and Pacer

Brilliant Performances and Grand Circuit Meeting—All the News of Interest to Horsemen—Bits of Gossip.

By L. D. SALE.

Doings on the Grand Circuit dwarf those of harness sport in other sections of the country, as might be expected.

Those who have carefully read the journals devoted to the light harness horse for the past six months have been kept up with strong and ardent anticipation of brilliant performances in this year of grace. The three-day meeting held at Indianapolis the past week would seem to indicate that they are not to be disappointed. A glance over the list of horses that have thus far appeared, indicates that the bulk of the aspirants for Grand Circuit honors are new to it. A new crop has come forward to replace those so well known to us, and it looks now as if many of them were of a higher average class than was their predecessors.

We who are interested in the light harness horse, have a right to expect this thing. There have been, of recent years, a decided increase in intelligence on the part of breeders. Here and there a man may still be found who breeds in the old haphazard fashion. Such men never arrive anywhere, except by accident. It is the man who studies blood lines, the man who peruses the Year Book religiously, season after season, who is on familiar terms with the cashier's desk.

As evidence that it is folly to venture on the Grand Circuit without the "goods," to use a horseman's phrase, take for instance the 2:18 pace, the initial race at Indianapolis last Tuesday. The fastest heat, the second, was in 2:06-1-4. The first was in 2:11-1-4, and the third in the same notch. Fanny Stanton won the big end of the purse. It has come to this, then, that in order to win the 2:18 class pace on the big rings one must have a horse that can pace three or more heats very close to 2:10. Again, let us for a moment consider the time in the 2:30 trot, which was won by Mr. Geers' Anvil, in straight heats. The two first heats were trotted each in 2:11-4 and the third heat in 2:10 flat. This demonstrates that it is useless to enter a race on one of the big rings in the 2:30 class without having a horse that can trot three heats close to 2:10.

Take, for example, the 2:30 pace, on the same day, won by the bay stallion Ginger. There were ten horses in this race, whose owners felt justified in entering them. These better-than-ten to the pick than Ginger was Sunny Jim, C. the Limit, and the phenomenal pacer three-year-old of 1910, Maggie Windsor, champion of her year at the pace. The first heat was in 2:06-1-4, the second in 2:06-1-4, and the third in 2:07-1-4, a remarkable performance, and which stamps the bay stallion Ginger as a very remarkable creature. This is evidence that the 2:30 class in the Grand Circuit without having one that could perform three times around 2:06 or better.

The 2:30 trot was not won in comparatively, as far as was the 2:30 trot, and this illustrates one of the peculiarities of racing horses. In the 2:30 trot the chestnut gelding, R. T. C., driven by Murphy, had only to trot two heats in 2:12-1-2, and 2:12-1-2 to win the \$1,000 purse. To those who are new to the racing game, and who aspire in Grand Circuit honors, the instances quoted are guideposts. In the 2:15 trot on Wednesday, won by Beaton's good young horse, The Huguenot, by Chimes, the opening heat was in 2:13-1-2, the second in 2:12-1-2, and the third in 2:13 flat. The fastest heat in the 2:30 trot the day previous was in 2:10 flat. Murphy's much-touted chestnut gelding, Cascade, had to lower his heels to the son of Chimes, Cascade is a son of the Cascade, 2:15-1-4, formerly owned at this point by Stephen Collins, and which died an untimely death some four or five years ago.

The feature event of Wednesday was the 2:00 pace, for a purse of \$2,500. Akar, the much-touted Green entry, was supposed to have an all-right clinch on the purse, by reason of his good showing in his workouts at Memphis. The turf papers have been filled with his performances for months past, but the best he could get was third money to Snow's Zembrower, which, week before last, at Detroit, where she was in training, showed Snow a first-right clinch on the purse, and came back in 2:07-1-2, last quarter in 29-1-2 seconds.

This new star in the pacing firmament is by far the best speed producing son of McKinley, 2:11-1-4-Zembrow, 2:12. Zembrow was the champion trotter of his year, and it is through him, rather than through any other son of McKinley, that the family, founded by the latter, is to be perpetuated in the mile tail line. Akar, the Green's entry, is a product of Allen Farm, Pittsfield, Mass., which farm is now rapidly taking the place of historic Woodburn. In fact, 90 per cent of the horses bred at Allen Farm are descendants of Miss Russell, who has, up to date, twenty-five descendants in the 2:10 list, a record no other brood mare, running or trotting bred, ever has achieved, or probably ever will achieve. This wonderful mare was bred at Woodburn Farm, where, also, Maud S., 2:08-3-4, also first saw the light of day.

Let no man who owns a 2:14 pacer dare to enter him in the 2:14 pace in the Grand Circuit, unless he has shown that

hunted the mountain lion in the wilds of Colorado, and bearded the fierce woody in his den in the swamps of South America.

He has driven trotters for the James Bros., without batting an eye, and has looked unflinchingly into the barrels of enough guns to found a small-sized arsenal. He would have helped Madero to get rid of Diaz only for the fact that he was engaged to drive the fast McEwen stallion, McEwen, and had a family to support. It is reported that Cannon leaves for Wilmington early to-morrow morning, and many of his most ardent admirers here hope the port is true, as the pace he has set while here is altogether too fierce for Washingtonians.

Joe Wright, the wit and raconteur of Winchester, Va., wafted himself into town the later part of the week, which, following so soon on the advent of Cannon, was a terrific move for local horsemen could well stand in one short week and attend to their daily functions. Joe was here to look after a mare he has in the hands of Lewis Jones, that is one of the most beautiful animals ever brought to this city. She is a strongly made blood bay, four years old, 15.3 in height, and by Kinter, 1913-4. Her dam is the good race mare, Delma, 2:08, by Delma Boy, a son of Stranger, whose dam was the celebrated Goldsmith Maid, 2:14. Delma won nine races before she broke a bone in her foot at Frederick, five years ago, while driven by Mr. Cannon. Kinema, the name of the mare in Mr. Jones' hands, not only has speed but is an all-around good school show mare, whose horse action matches that of her knees. If not sold she will be entered by Mr. Wright in the fall horse show at this point.

MONTREAL RESULTS.
FIRST RACE—Four and one-half furlongs. Naughty Rose, 118 (Trainer, 2 to 1); Delightful, 115 (Trainer, 4 to 1); Delia, 114 (Trainer, 5 to 1). Time, 2:07-1-4. Batsen also ran.
SECOND RACE—Four and one-half furlongs. Queenie Belle, 118 (Trainer, 2 to 1); Delia, 115 (Trainer, 4 to 1); Delia, 114 (Trainer, 5 to 1). Time, 2:07-1-4. Batsen also ran.
THIRD RACE—Six furlongs. Remond, 119 (Trainer, 2 to 1); Delia, 115 (Trainer, 4 to 1); Delia, 114 (Trainer, 5 to 1). Time, 2:07-1-4. Batsen also ran.

All in all, the most remarkable performance of the opening week of the Grand Circuit took place Thursday in the 2:30 pace, with comparatively unknown horses in the race. The winner, Kirby, driven by McMahon, had to pace the first heat in 2:07-3-4, and the second in 2:07-1-4 to win. The last race of the day, Thursday, was the 2:30 trot, and Don Labor, the winner, had to step the heat in 2:07-1-4 in order to stall out Willy, the foreign-bred stallion, and in 2:07, in the next heat, to beat Al Stanley. Charles McDermott's Captain George, also started in this race, but finished just outside of the money in such fast time that his owner, at one time a resident of this city, need not feel himself disgraced by the speed his horse showed. Now that the meeting is ended it will be interesting to know how the veteran Geers fared.

Mr. Geers, as is well known, has his pick annually of the very best trotting and pacing prospects that the United States produces. He is not only a skillful trainer, but a very successful one, with all his experience and native gift of selection he does not always strike the bull's-eye. It is well that this is so, for the light harness interests of the United States would be in a bad way were it otherwise. A glance through the summaries of the three days' meet discloses that out of five starts he won two firsts, one second, two thirds, and one fourth money, and was once outside of the money.

Mr. J. M. Corbin, the leading trotting horse breeder of Loudoun County, Va., whose breeding plant is at Hamilton, Va., has a considerable number of young horses and speed promising youngsters by Bale Axworthy that are worth a day's journey to see. Mr. Corbin says he is overstocked with blooded horses and is compelled to unload at once, owing to the fact that he cannot get proper help in his section to care for them. Three of these youngsters are broken to harness, and are of good size and every one of them is a trotter.

All of these colts are out of well-bred mares. One, a two-year-old out of a mare by Axworthy, son of Willie L., second dam by Remond, and third dam by Dictator, is probably the gem of the lot. He has excited the admiration of horsemen who have seen him step. What promises to be a great show colt is a sorrel two-year-old by Bale Axworthy, out of a thoroughbred mare. This colt is as level-headed as any in the bunch, and can show speed at the trot. All of Mr. Corbin's youngsters are sound, of good disposition, and of good color. Prices for the same are right, and Mr. Corbin will hit any of his colts up and demonstrate that he owns as good as any man owns in the United States. All of Mr. Corbin's stallions are also to go to the highest bidder. These comprise four: Bale Axworthy, by Axworthy, 2:15-1-4; Dr. Bell, 2:17-1-4, by Electric Bell; Solograph, 2:17, by Alberton, 2:08-1-4; and Winwood McGregor, one of the very finest examples of the Robert McGregor family.

The celebrated driver and trainer, Thomas Cannon, now of Spartanburg, S. C., but formerly of this city, spent the better part of the week in town and entertained crowds at Dunworth's with his droil wit and droil stories of the turf, the telling of which stamps him a past master of the art of story telling. Few men have lived a more strenuous life. Born in Alabama, he began his career as a driver of chariot races in a circus, and was long noted as being one of the most daring men that ever mounted a chariot. He has visited over a dozen heights, on the flying trapeze.

TIGERS' NEMESIS OF SOUTHPAWS.

The Tigers have certainly lost all fear of southpaws; instead of fearing them they have developed a keen liking for them. Several clubs, thinking the Tigers still suffering under the southpaw hoodoo, grabbed likely looking left-handers this year, hoping to stop Jennings' men with them. The result was that these southpaws have been driven to the woods.

Gregg, of Cleveland, beat Detroit in one game, but was defeated several times by the Tigers. Krause won one game over them and was knocked out of the box the other time. Hamilton, of St. Louis, beat them one game, but suffered several defeats at their hands.

Plank, who hardly ever failed to stop them, was beaten unmercifully by Detroit this year. "Doc" White, of Chicago, another real hoodoo of the past, handed the Tigers their first defeat in 1911, but since then has been knocked out of the box a few times by Detroit.

The other left-handers in the league have failed to beat Detroit. Jennings' men would like to go up against a left-hander every day.

Hudson River Rowers Have Exciting Time

New York, July 15.—Struggling against the most unfavorable water conditions, the oarsmen who took part in the sixth annual regatta of the Hudson River Rowing Association to-day encountered many unforeseen difficulties. The races were rowed over the Palisades course, formerly known as the old Guttenberg course, which was selected by the committee because it is protected by the high cliffs of the west shore. An incoming tide and a stiff wind from the southeast upset all calculations and proved a detriment, not only to the safety, but also to the oarsmanship of the contestants. Both centipede boats that entered the last race were swamped before half the distance had been covered, and Joe Aspell, of the Hudson Boat Club, was forced overboard while rowing in the intermediate singles, when he ran his gig onto a floating log. In all cases, the oarsmen swam well enough to keep above water until help reached them.

The gale that swept the river started the trouble early by blowing George King, Jr., so strongly toward the shore that he was practically forced to abandon the racing game in order to save himself. N. Pyflee, of the Waverley Boat Club, was the only other contestant. With the outside course in his favor, he had an easy time of it, and won by five lengths. The oarsmen redeemed the sport by beating the Waverley pair in the race for the junior double gigs by at least twenty lengths.

It was in the third race, for intermediate single gigs, that Aspell met with his accident. The race for the Riverside Cup for senior four-oared barges was rowed on the day. The home club, the Active of Grantwood, gave a fine exhibition in open competition and won from the Hudson oarsmen by five lengths. It was in the junior centipede event that the second mishap occurred. The Union crew shipped so much water in the first quarter mile that their boat was down to the water level. The rowers complained hysterically, but were soon compelled to give up the ship and swim toward shore. Their opponents from the Nonpareil Club fared slightly better, managing to keep above water until the finish. Just after passing the line the boat went down and the men were rescued by some fellow-members.

Deeds of Amos Rusie Are Recalled in West

San Francisco, July 15.—Amos Rusie, the greatest ever, who has been breezing around the north for a few days, has set a number of old-time fans by bringing back stories of the old days when Rusie was there with that \$50,000 arm. There were many fans who will tell you to-day that Amos Rusie was the greatest pitcher that ever threw a ball. Every now and then you will hear the claim advanced that a certain pitcher has greater speed than Rusie, for Rusie and speed mean the same thing. Not only was he the speediest thrower that ever faced a batsman, but he had as fast a breaking curve as ever a batsman has been called on to bat from. And control! Ah, there is where Amos did shine! When it was 3 to 2, and the batter might reasonably expect a fast one, Amos slipped up a curve that broke as fast as a leaping trout and it was all off with the batter.

Amos was a bad twirler for the batter, but a good one for the catcher. He threw what is known as the light ball. Traveling over the plate like a buckshot, it was light as a feather in the catcher's mitt, and easy to handle. Frank Wilson, who managed the old Seattle club, was one of Amos' favorite catchers in early days. But a thing happened in Chicago one day, that made Amos and his arm but a memory. Trying to catch Bill Lange off first base, the throw snapped something in that pitching arm. He finished the game, stalling through with a floating curve, and he won it, too, but before he reached his hotel the arm was badly swollen and would not yield to treatment. The best specialists in New York and Chicago looked at that \$50,000 arm, but could do nothing.

Friedman, with whom Rusie was constantly at war, thought the great pitcher was stalling to get away from New York, and refused to believe that Giant Amos had reached the end of his string.

HOODOO IS FEARED BY THE ATHLETICS

If active and well-trained substitutions would win games, the Athletics would never lose. They have more of that stuff to the square inch than nine out of ten clubs. Here's where the fans are let in on a couple.

As everybody knows, the infielders have a practice ball that they throw around during the time that the pitcher is warming up.

That ball cannot be thrown back to the Athletics bench at random. No, siree. It has to go through the mystic channels, or else the game is gummed. The last man to handle that ball must be Jack Barry. He throws it to Jack Barry, who is hors du combat, or has a bum runner, and when Jack gets the ball he touches John Shibe on the knee. That repels any hoodoo.

When the pitcher takes his place to start things off and to warm up between innings, the last ball must be to Eddie Collins, and then back straight to the twirler. Nobody else is allowed to catch the last ball, which the catcher usually smashes down to second. That is to keep off the hoodoo.

KILBANE BEATS KLINE.

Twenty-round Boat Develops into Foot Race.

Los Angeles, July 15.—Johnny Kilbane outboxed Patsy Kline for nineteen rounds out of twenty at Vernon this afternoon, winning the decision after one of the greatest foot races ever seen here. Except in the eighth, when he scored the knockout, Kilbane was unable to reach Kline, while Johnny would not take a chance and mix it, being content with outboxing his man round after round. Neither man was punished to any extent, and after the go both looked as fresh as daisies.

EITHER WALKS OR IS HIT BY A WIDE PITCHED BALL

"Kid" Elberfeld Is Willett's Bogy Man; He Loses One Game for Big Twirler and Causes Trouble in Another.

Says a writer in the Detroit Free Press: "Kid" Elberfeld is the Nemesis of big Edgar Willett. For some reason or other Willett can't pitch to "Kid" without hitting him or walking him. Three times in two games Elberfeld faced Willett and twice Elberfeld was hit by a pitched ball and another time he walked. When Mitchell was taken out of the box Sunday with two runners on base and two out in the ninth inning, Elberfeld was the first man to face Willett. Mr. Elberfeld walked. That sealed Willett's doom.

"Elberfeld was the better I was after," said Willett after the game. "I want to get him." That base on balls to Elberfeld was costly. He scored the winning run for the Nationals.

Elberfeld was up twice Monday and each time Willett hit him with a pitched ball.

"I guess it's because he tries to cut them across my chest," said Elberfeld after the game. "But whatever it is, he certainly can't get me. Every time I face Willett I say to myself, 'Well, Kid, here's where you walk or get the ball in the ribs.'"

Only twice this season has Elberfeld struck out. He says it is easier for him to hit with two strikes on him. "What there aren't two I take a healthy walk-off at the ball and I can't hit for some reason or other, but when two strikes are on me I shorten my wallop, take a short jab with the bat and am able to connect safely easier than when I swing," said the Kid in explanation.

Elberfeld was in Monday. He took a lot of quinine. He scored, but Manager McBride's hit in the fourth. Elberfeld says he didn't realize it. The quinine and the heat made him dizzy. He started to run when he heard the crack of the bat and he kept on running. After he crossed the plate he sat on the bench for a while and recovered his full senses.

President Comiskey, of the White Sox, has offered \$5,000 for O'Toole and Kelly, St. Paul's new battery, but Manager Bresnahan has boosted the ante to \$10,000. Being Irish, they are worth the money.

But you couldn't persuade Mugsy to dig up \$11,000 any more; once was enough for Jaws.

Four National League clubs—the Pirates, Giants, Cincinnati, and Brooklyn—were after Paddy Bauman, shortstop secured by the Tigers from New Bedford, Conn., for \$250 and Johnny Nease, first baseman. The Pirates offered \$1,000 for Bauman and the Giants \$1,000. Bauman hit .300 for New Bedford last season, and with Bill Cunningham, Washington's second baseman, won the pennant.

Glenn Liebhart may get another chance in the major leagues next season. He is pitching the best ball of his career for Columbus, Glenn has won ten of thirteen games. He pitched seven games away from home and won them.

Moran, Washington and Lee college pitcher signed by the Tigers, is playing in the Tidewater outfall, and may be called before he can pitch in the American League. Manager Jennings does not fear any trouble unless complaint is made by some other club that wants the pitcher.

George Stone, sent out of the American League because of a weak arm and bad legs, is hitting .285 for Milwaukee in the American Association. Cravath, Red Sox outfielder, is leading the association, with .365, and Homer Smoot is second, with .388. Charley Hickman is hitting .365.

Jaques Atz will remain as manager of Providence for the rest of the season, but Jack Thoney, of the Red Sox, is mentioned as his successor next term. Thoney's big league days are about over, owing to a poor wing.

There is reported to be a deal pending between the White Sox and Browns whereby Frank Laporte, second-sacker of Wallace's team, will go to Chicago. Laporte at one time played with the Yankees.

President Fagel, of the Quakers, has protested Wednesday's game on the grounds that Manager Doolin was put out of the game unjustly. Charley was barred because he had failed to pay a \$5 fine levied on him for spilling a new ball.

Manager Chance is still missing from the coaching line, following the advice of his physician.

Danny Shay has asked for waivers on two players, and it is reported that one is a former Pirate.

Red Nelson is proving one of the most consistent winners in the American League, considering the team he has behind him.

The Cubs and Dodgers have finished one-half of their series, and Dahlen's men have the upper hand so far—six games to five.

Umpire Riger says there are three privates in the ranks who would make good managers. They are Huggins, Evers, and Knabe.

Hopkinsville won the pennant for the first half of the season in the Kitty League yesterday. The second half of the season will start next Wednesday.

Frank DeLoach was fined \$50 and suspended for three days for taking a slam at Umpire Chiff at St. Paul last Saturday.

The Tigers were playing some awful ball last month, but they are making up for it now.

PLAN DUCKPIN TOURNEY.

There will be a meeting of the Northeastern Duckpin League at its home alley, 133 H street northeast, next Sunday at 11 a. m. All wishing to enter teams will please be present.

The Northeastern Duckpin League was one of the most successful in the District last season, and Sam Cornwell has more prizes than ever before to offer.

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